

ARMY DEFEATED THE NAVY

BY DALY'S BRILLIANT WORK.

LEAPED INTO ICY RIVER TO SAVE MAD YOUNG WIFE.

SIX BOYS BADLY BURNED BY EXPLOSION OF TAR KETTLE.

Future Admirals Fought Bravely and Were Not Disgraced—President, Cabinet, Dewey, Miles and 25,000 Partisans Saw Fierce Struggle.

Beautiful Mrs. Terry, Despondent Over Husband's Affairs, Tried Suicide in the Hudson, But Was Rescued.

Had it not been for the heroism of Dudley W. Trinfidi the five-year-old boy of George H. Terry, of No. 219 West Forty-ninth street, would have been motherless to-day.

Mrs. Terry leaped into the North River at the foot of One Hundred and Tenth street and was rescued by the hero just in time to save her life. She is now in J. Hood Wright Hospital, a prisoner.

Mr. Terry is an advertising agent who came here from the West some time ago. Since arriving in New York he has been unsuccessful in business. About a week ago he moved with his wife, his baby and his mother-in-law from apartments at No. 108 West One Hundred and Third street to a suit in the Navarre, in West Ninety-ninth street. The rooms are splendidly furnished, but the furniture and clothing of the family show the touch of poverty.

Mrs. Terry has been despondent for some time over the failure of her husband to make the money he had been accustomed to.

At the foot of One Hundred and Eighth street is a boathouse and pavilion kept by Mrs. Mary McDonald, a widow. Trinfidi, a Norwegian boatman, is in charge of the naphtha launches and lives at the boathouse. Mrs. McDonald has four young boys, and one of these, James, fourteen, saw Mrs. Terry coming down the steps.

It was apparent to the youngster that something was wrong. He watched her as she crossed the track and saw her suddenly run to the edge of the stream and leap into the water.

The boy ran to the boat-house and informed his mother of what he had seen. Mrs. McDonald called Trinfidi, and together they ran up the track.

Dived into Icy Water.

When they reached One Hundred and Tenth street Mrs. Terry was some distance from shore and was being carried further out by the tide. Trinfidi threw off his coat and dived in, swimming toward the woman.

Exhausted and chilled Mrs. Terry sank just as Trinfidi reached her. He went down after her and brought her to the surface. The swim to the shore through the icy water was a hard struggle, but the plucky Norwegian made it and struggled up the bank with the unconscious woman in his arms.

Mrs. McDonald sent one of her boys for a policeman. While waiting for the officer Mrs. Terry told why she had tried to kill herself.

Why She Sought Death.

"I am very unhappy," she said. "My husband has met with one business reverse after another until now we have no money. He is working his life away for me and my baby. With me out of the way it would be so much easier for him to provide for himself and the boy. I love him dearly and it was only to make his load lighter that I tried to kill myself."

From Mrs. McDonald it was learned that her Norwegian boatman rescued five others from drowning last summer.

Six boys were badly burned this afternoon by the explosion of a tar kettle in the works of the Edison Electric Company at No. 1486 Third avenue. The youngsters were playing about the kettle at the time. It is expected all will recover.

CAPT. TITUS ARRANGES NEW DETECTIVE SYSTEM.

A new detective system in this city, arranged by Capt. Titus, is to be started on Monday night. Forty detectives and detective-sergeants of the Central Office Bureau will be assigned to various precincts and will be known as a "night patrol." They will work at night under the sergeant's orders.

LATE RESULTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Third Race—Bristol 1, Sauber 2, Dousterswivel 3.
Fourth Race—B. G. Fox 1, Andes 2, Petit Maitre 3.

LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR MAN AND WIFE.

ITHACA, Mich., Nov. 30.—Mrs. Elmer Quimby was to-day found guilty of murdering her two children by administering poison and sentenced to life imprisonment. The woman and her husband planned to rid themselves of the children and poisoned them both. The husband was last week convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

POSED AS DETECTIVES TO "HUNT" THEMSELVES.

Hundreds of Victims of Alleged Brokerage Swindlers Complain to the Police and Two Arrests Are Made.

Two members of what the police say is one of the cleverest swindling syndicates that ever operated in Wall street, were arrested to-day by Detectives McConville and Savage of the Central Office.

The gang has been operating in the financial district for two years, in which time, it is alleged, it has swindled persons throughout the country out of a sum estimated by Capt. Titus between \$300,000 and \$400,000.

The two men captured are Frank Dillon, who says he is a bookkeeper living at No. 205 Greenwich street, and J. P. Barrett, claiming to be a stenographer, of No. 593 Bainbridge street, Brooklyn.

Two other men eluded the detectives, but they are known and will probably be captured in a few days.

Embarrassed by their success at this game, the police say the swindlers branched out on a new line of fraud. Finally after robbing thousands of unsuspecting customers under a dozen firm names, opening an alleged detective agency, the methods of which, Capt. Titus says, were the boldest and most unique that ever came under his notice.

A Unique Scheme.

Under the name of E. L. Bennett & Co., Detective Collecting Agency, offices were opened at No. 181 Broadway. To defraud customers, the police say, circulars were sent inviting them to send all claims and proofs against the concerns through which they had been swindled.

The "customers" were advised that the detective agency was in possession of all the facts in the frauds, and that every dollar could be collected. After they had succeeded in getting back all the evidence of criminal operations from their victims the "agency" stopped business and the fraudulent brokerage firms resumed.

Frequent Changes Made.

The police say the moves of the gang are as follows:

They first appeared at No. 51 New street. There they operated as Bramwell & Co., stock brokers. In six weeks they slipped out, leaving furniture and office fixings.

Next they turned up at No. 21 Park Row as August Zimmerman & Co. A few weeks' operation there caused another hasty exit.

As Lloyd J. Smith & Co. offices were opened at No. 55 Broadway. The police had almost caught up to them at this place, but they were gone when the detectives called.

For one month business was carried on at No. 52 Wall street, where the name of J. W. Pollard Co. did service.

It was this time the conclusion was reached that there was too much evidence outstanding against them, and the scheme was conceived of organizing a detective agency to collect the outstanding proofs of criminal wrong.

Accomplishing this purpose, business in the brokerage line was started again at No. 28 Park Row. Porter, Patchell & Co. being the title used.

Hundreds of Complaints.

In many of their transactions the men gave as references the "firms" of Solomon & Rothschild, Applegate, Lohr & Co. and Carlisle & Co., all of which Capt. Titus says were myths, being simply titles coined for the purpose.

Detectives McConville and Savage traced the men from place to place with great difficulty. All precautions were taken to throw the police off the track. Eventually they were located at No. 38 Park Row and arrested.

Capt. Titus has hundreds of complaints from men and women who have been duped out of sums varying from \$50 to \$1,000 and expects to hear from many more.

MRS. BONINE IN DEFENSE DENIES MURDER MOTIVE.

Woman Accused of Killing Ayres Begins Her Fight for Freedom and Asks No Mercy—Slain Man's Father Testifies Against Her.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—Mrs. Bonine's defense was begun to-day in her trial on the charge of killing Census Clerk Ayres in the Kenmore Hotel.

Lawyer C. B. Keene made the opening argument, prefacing his remarks with the statement that Mrs. Bonine made no appeal for mercy or sympathy, except so far as the conditions that make possible these things may diminish the probability of guilt.

Headline the Government's theory of the manner in which the tragedy occurred Mr. Keene outlined the testimony to be offered in behalf of the defendant.

It would be shown, he said, that Mrs. Bonine was a student of medicine; that she turned her knowledge to good account, and that she waited upon and attended the sick about the hotel. Even servants, he said, would testify to her kindness.

"We will introduce testimony from physicians and surgeons," he continued, "to show that the wounds on Ayres's body could have been inflicted in the manner described by the defendant in her statement."

"Who owned the pistol?" asked the attorney. "We will introduce witnesses to prove that James Seymour Ayres showed this pistol in his own room, also that the deceased loaned a pistol to a friend, and that it will be testified to that the pistol is identical with this one."

The lack of motive, he declared, would be fully proved. Speaking of Mrs. Bonine's statement to the police, the lawyer said:

"She does not desire to modify it or change it. It cost her her liberty. It is her defense and she will stand by it."

The last witness for the prosecution was J. S. Ayres, the father of Clerk Ayres.

"Did you meet Mrs. Bonine on your arrival in Washington?" the District

LATE, HE SWAM TO CATCH BIG LINER.

STOSKA'S EFFORT MAY COST HIM HIS LIFE.

Jumped Into Icy Water from Ferry-boat as He Saw Rhindam Sailing Down River.

Michael Stoska wanted to sail this morning on the Holland line steamship Rhindam, for his home in Rotterdam. He started for the company's pier in Hoboken on the ferry-boat Hamburg.

In midstream his heart jumped up in his mouth when he beheld the big ship sailing swiftly down the river.

Stoska was bewildered for a moment. Then with a cry he scrambled over the guard rail and dived into the icy water. The startled passengers rushed out on deck, believing the man intended to commit suicide. Stoska quickly struck out in the direction of the fast disappearing steamship, and struggled mightily to overtake her.

In the mean time the ferry-boat had been stopped and deckhands and passengers threw ropes and life-preservers to the swimmer. He kept bravely on for five minutes, and then, convinced that his job was impossible, he gladly accepted the aid of a life-preserver.

He was hauled back on deck shivering and exhausted. In Hoboken they took him to St. Mary's Hospital, where the physicians said the plunge might cost the man his life.

"I'd have made that boat," he said, "if it hadn't been so darn cold."

The Tireless Wheels of Progress.

Fast express service between New York and Chicago, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, may be obtained every day in the year. Train leaves terminals at convenient hours.

Advertise houses, homes and apartments for sale in the Sunday World.

FINAL SCORE:

WEST POINT - - - 11
ANNAPOLIS - - - 5

(Special to The Evening World.)

FRANKLIN FIELD, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—The Army defeated the Navy in a sensational football game this afternoon before the most brilliant crowd ever assembled on these grounds. The score was Army 11, Navy 5.

Twenty-five thousand spectators surrounded the gridiron; 10,000 were refused admission.

The stands were masses of color, the majority of the men being in uniform.

President Roosevelt grew so interested in the game that he left his box and came down on the side lines to be nearer the strenuous strife.

Little Daly, the old Harvard captain, saved the day for West Point. He made all the Army's score. He kicked a beautiful goal from field in the first half. In the second half he ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown and kicked the goal within one minute after the beginning of play.

THE LINE-UP:

NAVY.	POSITIONS.	ARMY.
Whiting	L. E.	Farnsworth
Read	L. T.	Doc
Carpenter	L. G.	Riley
Fretz	Centre	Boyers
Belknap	R. G.	Goodspeed
Adams	R. T.	Bunker
Soule	R. E.	McAndrew
McNair	Q. B.	Daly
Freyer	L. H.	Casad
Land	R. H.	Hackett
Nichols	F. B.	Graves

Referee—Mr. Wrenn, of Chicago. Umpire—Mr. Wrightington, of Harvard.

BRILLIANT CROWD SAW SUPERB GAME.

(Special to The Evening World.)

FRANKLIN FIELD, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—Practically everybody who amounts to anything officially in the United States was at Franklin Field this afternoon for the third struggle on the gridiron between the army and navy cadets.

It was West Point against Annapolis. The sturdy lads of the military academy against the hardy midshipmen, and the National Government, from the Command-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, in the person of President Roosevelt, down to the humblest "Plebe" and middle of the rival academies, were on the ground to witness the struggle.

War heroes once venerated by the populace were held cheap in Philadelphia to-day, because they were here in such numbers. Every morning train brought the nation's great ones into the City of Brotherly Love. The hotels were filled to overflowing with distinguished guests.

Slowdown Abate with Color.

The town was draped in the blue and gold of the navy and the gold and gray of the army. Business was at a standstill. No one talked of anything but football. The streets were filled with gayly uniformed officers and red-checked cadets.

Fortunes were wagered on the outcome of to-day's game. Since the annual struggle between the army and navy was resumed in 1899 each academy has a victory to its credit. To-day's was the odd game. Partisans on both sides were confident of victory and Uncle Sam's warriors from both branches of the service backed their favorites in a way that betokened bankruptcy to one of the other branch of the service for a twelve-month to come.

Old Officers Got Excited.

The dignity of the service was thrown to the winds. Staid generals, colonels, commanders and navy captains, strict as martinies in enforcing their own orders, swept aside the blue-coated line of police along the edge of the gridiron and pushed up and down the lines waving sabres and headgear, cheering on their favorites and waiving more salary and prize money than they could earn in a year of battle.

Franklin Field, the scene of many historic gridiron struggles, never had such an assemblage as gathered this afternoon. Long before noon crowds began to gather in the rectangular inclosure that lies on the east bank of the Schuylkill, to the north of Fairmount Park.

Seating accommodations had been provided for 35,000 spectators, and there was not an inch of room to spare when play was called. Twenty thousand more persons had sought admission, and a mob stormed the gates that a guard of 300 soldiers were hardly able to withstand. There was no charge for admission, and the crowds thought the gates would be thrown open after play was called, but the police kept them at a safe distance from the gates.

All that was left for the crowd without was a chance to cheer the distinguished visitors on their arrival. The arrival of President Roosevelt, Admiral Dewey and Lieut.-Gen. Miles was signalled to the waiting spectators within the inclosure by the enthusiastic crowd outside the gates.

The President's Arrival.

President Roosevelt, Secretary of the Navy Long, Secretary of War Root and Gen. Leonard Wood, of Havana, reached the city at 1 P. M. by special train from Washington. An immense crowd was gathered at Broad street station to see the President, but they were disappointed, as the Presidential party was switched into the South street station and lunched on the train, remaining until it was time to drive to Franklin Field.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

FIND DEAD BABY; HOLD GIRL MOTHER.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL HOPELESS INVALID.

SHOT HIMSELF TO DEATH IN SALOON.

CHILD'S BODY FOUND ON A ROOF NEAR HOME.

VETERAN ACTOR HAS LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

SENT A BULLET INTO HIS RIGHT TEMPLE.

Seventeen-Year-Old Millie Kloth Sent to Presbyterian Hospital as Prisoner.

Police officers of the East Sixty-seventh Street Station found a small dead baby on the roof of No. 312 East Sixty-third street this afternoon.

They then arrested the girl mother of the child. She is Millie Kloth, seventeen years old, of No. 314 East Sixty-third street, rear.

She was taken a prisoner to the Presbyterian Hospital.

Dinner of Co. H, 7th Regiment.

Company H, Seventh Regiment Veterans Corps, will dine at the Hotel St. Denis on Dec. 10 in commemoration of the company's seventy-fifth birthday anniversary. Capt. W. A. Hoe will preside.

The Husky Man's Way to Travel

is via the Pennsylvania Railroad. Fast express trains, with a matchless railroad, insure speedy arrival at any Western terminal.

Sunset Limited to California.

Special Sunset Limited Annex Compartment and Sleeping Car New York for New Orleans via Pennsylvania Railroad, Southern Railway, A. & W. P. W. & A. and L. & N. R.R. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Connecting at New Orleans with Sunset Limited. New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway.

An unidentified man committed suicide this afternoon in the saloon of Joseph Cymen, at No. 1241 Centre A., by shooting himself in the right temple.

The man was about twenty-seven years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighed 160 pounds and had fair complexion and hair. The body was dressed in a dark suit of clothes, dark serge cap and lace shoes.

The body was taken to the East Sixty-seventh Street Police Station.

A receipt for \$3.50, made out to Alois Vavricka, for dues from a Bohemian lodge, was found in the side pocket of the man's coat. A pocketbook with the same name in it was also found, with the address, "Paterson, N. J., below H."

This, the police think, is the man's name and address, and the police of Paterson have been notified.

Two dollars and some small change were also found in the vest pocket.